

Animals

OUR DUMB

JANUARY 1948



"ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT"

—Photo, Louis A. Puggard



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, seventy-five cents each, within the United States, eighty-seven cents each in Canada or Latin America.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

Published monthly by the **Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals**. Publication office, 48 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts; editorial office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Entered as Second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919.

VOLUME 81 — No. 1

Animals

JANUARY, 1948

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, 1868

PUBLISHED BY THE

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AND
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NO PAGER

Race-Horse Cruelty

AN atrocious and barbaric act of cruelty to a race horse took place a few weeks ago in Maryland. The horse in question was being "schooled" early one morning at the Laurel Race Track when, according to news stories, it was "accidentally" hit from behind by a shotgun blast of either rock salt or pebbles.

The unfortunate and frightened creature bolted out of the starting gate, ran down the stretch, fell and broke its leg near the paddock and subsequently was destroyed.

Following a hearing conducted by the Maryland Racing Commission, two men involved in the incident were ruled off the track for life, but this penalty was but a very gentle slap on the wrist in view of the happenings.

The Maryland S. P. C. A., however, has stated that it intends to prosecute the culprits, and they point out that the charge will be cruelty to horses used for racing, which is a felony, punishable by one to three years in the penitentiary!

That is the type of action which we applaud and which will have a salutary effect on others attempting similar cruelty to helpless creatures.

The prosecuting officers of our own Massachusetts Society are always on the alert wherever animals are to be found, whether it be at race tracks, rodeos, circuses, fairs, pet shops and many other places. The need for constant supervision by the carefully chosen and trained officers of our Society is as necessary today as when our Society was first formed.

E. H. H.



Here is our suggestion for the official dog of Massachusetts.

Official State Dog

STATISTICS show that there are some 20,000,000 dogs in the United States today and with a population as large as this, it seems only right that these canines should have a little better representation. Just think, if these dogs could vote what a voice they would have in government.

It occurs to us that each of our forty-eight states has adopted (either by law, by a proclamation of the governor, or by popular opinion) an official state bird and an official state flower. Why not, then, an official state dog—a mascot, by proxy, that would help all other dogs.

Perhaps, too, it would help just a little more to make people conscious of animals and their place in the world. Certainly, mankind's closest animal companion throughout the ages deserves every bit as much recognition as the birds and flowers.

To encourage a step in this direction, we are writing to each state governor, asking his opinion of the plan and sug-

gesting that some particular breed of dog be designated as most popular or in some manner related to his state.

In certain cases, there are dogs that just seem to fit a state because of their names. For instance, the Boston Terrier is identified with Massachusetts and the Chesapeake Bay Retriever, with Maryland.

Write us your nomination for the official dog of your state and watch these columns for more news about the project. We realize, of course, that certain breeds are more popular than others, so in writing us your suggestions you need not necessarily send the name of a dog that you yourself prefer, but one whose name or individuality seems to fit your state in one way or another.

As replies come in we shall tabulate them by votes. We hope that everyone will get behind this movement so that in the not too distant future we shall be able to list an official state dog for each state in the Union.

Here and There

TO all those who remembered Dr. Rowley, President Hansen and others of the staff at the Holiday Season with their attractive Christmas cards, we are sincerely grateful. We wish we could thank each of these appreciated friends with a personal letter. All they have wished us we wish them, and even more.

GUARANTEED LIVING: The fellow in jail has a guaranteed job. He is also guaranteed a fixed annual "wage." He is guaranteed food and shelter. If he is in for life, he is guaranteed an old-age pension.

People who want everything "guaranteed" in this world have to take the surrender of freedom that goes with it. The only organization that can "guarantee" is the government, and the only way the government can guarantee is to put us all in a virtual chain gang and divide the potatoes we raise.

Personally, I'll take freedom and the risks that go with it.

—Don Herold

WE have not two hearts—one for the animals, the other for man. In the cruelty toward the former and the cruelty toward the latter, there is no other difference than in the victim.

—Lamartine

IF we knew how much the habit of being thankful might do for us, I am sure we would take time out every day to count up a few of our blessings. When the spirit of thankfulness takes its place in our consciousness, we radiate life from the very center of our being to the world about us. And our very wellspring of life is renewed within us. Anyone who cannot get into the spirit of being thankful, should turn to the Psalms of David. There is an ideology that is alive with thankfulness.

—William E. Towne

I BELIEVE that the time will come when a gentleman found amusing himself with a gun will feel as compromised as he does now when found amusing himself with a whip at the expense of a child or an old lame horse covered with sores. Sport, like murder, is a bloody business; and the sportsmen will not always be able to outface that fact as they do at present.

—George Bernard Shaw

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Photo by Hazel F. Adams

These deer, alert to every sound, are trying to locate some alien stirring that has invaded the forest.

Snow and cold spell animal suffering in the—

Winter Wonderland

By ALAN MITCHELL

THE days of the "little death"—those days when the bear, the chipmunk, the woodchuck and many other animals sleep through the winter—are upon us. In a manner of speaking, these are the fortunate animals, for, during the warm days of spring, summer and fall, they have been busy storing up food in one way or another to tide them over the months when food is scarce.

It is to the deer, the rabbit, the fox and all those other members of the animal kingdom that do not hibernate that the frozen silence of the winter wonderland brings hunger and hardship.

True, nature has endowed these creatures with the ability to surmount the ordinary difficulties. In areas and years of plenty these animals probably suffer but little. It is when a lean year seems to contrive adversely with the elements that starvation dons its grotesque mask and seems to make a mockery of frantic efforts to obtain food.

With tight rein, the north wind drives the sleet and snow into the district. It whips up a meringue of drifts, a beautiful sight, but an almost impenetrable barrier against easy access to life-giving moss or berries or leaves.

Perhaps those creatures that suffer

most from a severe winter are the birds, for there may be food in plenty lying underneath the hard crust—so near, yet so unattainable for a host of birds that may flit about disconsolately in search of food.

There are so many things and so many ways that we can help these animals to survive the rigors of cold and snow. Out in the country or even in vacant city lots brier patches can be encouraged. These will provide both food and shelter for rabbits.

The fence row is often a real lifesaver for small animal life. Rail or stone fences break the force of the wind. Here snow will settle to the ground providing sheltered quarters into which small forms of wild life may burrow. But, it must be remembered that a wire fence does not slow the wind unless it is bordered by weeds or shrubs of some nature.

These plantings serve a three-fold purpose—food and shelter for animals, defense against erosion and an added beauty to the landscape. Care should be taken in the plantings so that birds, the farmers' greatest friends, will be attracted.

Both quail and grouse probably have the hardest time getting through the

long winter because, by natural instinct and physical build, theirs is a limited range. These birds stay within about a mile of their chosen "yard" unless driven out by unusual circumstances.

To get food to these creatures one must know or discover where they range. When this is ascertained, pick a good spot near cover under which the birds can escape if a hawk should happen along. Clear the snow away, down to the ground. Then put out small grain—husked ears of corn or coarse-cracked chicken feed. And as soon as the birds find the spot they will continue to return as long as their natural supply of food is not available.

For other birds, both in the city and the country, attractive feeding stations can be made or purchased. In these, various seed mixtures, bread crumbs, meat scraps, beef suet, peanut butter will attract a great variety of feathered friends.

Many of these creatures would perish were it not for the food supplied them by kind and interested people. And these people are well repaid by the songs, the merry chirpings and the colorful plumage of these birds to say nothing of the millions of insects destroyed every summer.

ANIMAL LORE



LITTLE SHORT-TAILED SHREW

THE SMALLEST FUR-BEARING ANIMAL IN THE WORLD - IS A FLESH-EATER. IT WEIGHS ONLY $\frac{1}{3}$ OF AN OUNCE YET FEEDS UPON WORMS, INSECTS AND SNAILS.

Dog Detective

By H. E. ZIMMERMAN

HIS name is "Ginger," and he is one of the most wonderful dogs in Connecticut. A veritable four-legged detective is Ginger, who lives in Hartford when at home. He is an undersized cur with bright eyes and sharp ears, of badly mixed lineage. He is owned by one of the state game wardens, whose duty it is to examine certain trains coming from the game region of the state. Every piece of game must be checked up and suspicious packages examined.

The state law prohibits the taking out of the state game birds in any way whatever. As the people alight from the train, few notice a small dog dodging about among them, sniffing at this handbag and that bundle. Soon his master hears a sharp bark. He knows what that means, and dropping everything, finds Ginger dodging and nosing about the heels of a passenger. The warden closes in on the "game" pointed by Ginger, quietly invites the suspect into the baggage-room, and questions him about the game which he has concealed about his person or effects. Ginger has never been known to fail in his pointing.

But inspecting the hand-baggage is not all of Ginger's work. After the passengers are all out he jumps into the express car and applies his nose to everything in sight. Recently he came across a barrel, labeled "Fish," which proved to be only partly true. Ginger sniffed at it, went on, and then returned and sniffed at it again. Round the barrel he went, whining and almost dancing.

With a faith in the little animal born of long experience, the officer investigated the barrel and found in the center of a liberal lining of fresh shore cod fish several dozen plump partridges. Fish shipments from that station have suddenly ceased!

Sea-Going Feline

By G. F. BURNLEY

I DON'T doubt that you've seen cats stranded in treetops, on building ledges, or halfway up tall flagpoles. However, the next time you visit the waterfront I challenge you to scan the sleek steel hull of a modern steam vessel and find a footing for a common house cat on the ship's sheer outer hull. There is, though, on many vessels an area of perhaps ten or more square inches upon which a sure-footed animal can remain and even travel in calm seas as in the unique case I shall here explain.

At one time, several years ago, a vessel bound from New Orleans to Panama was possessed by a tabby which kept crew and passengers awake by a lusty nocturnal caterwauling. As the sound came from the stern of the vessel every inch of the ship's interior at that section was searched without avail. Having long given up guessing the whereabouts of the feline, all hands were amazed by the pilot's remark as he pulled alongside in a launch to guide the ship into the Canal Zone.

"I see you're carrying a cat, Cap'n!" he hailed from below.

Eagerly supported, the skipper replied, "We know that pilot. Where on earth is he though?"

The pilot, carrying the cat, stepped over the rail to explain that the animal, apparently having ridden across hundreds of miles of open ocean, had perched precariously on the two-inch rim of a large steel flange which coupled the massive ship's rudder to the guiding shaft above!

MIKE & MASIE by Andrew L. Peterson and Tom Farley



"Don't pay any attention to them. They're always showing off."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

I WOULDN'T have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. But there he was, walking brazenly down the street with a sixty-cent can of salmon in his mouth!

And this wasn't the first time it had happened, either. Every day for more than a week, "Mr. Blue" had been helping himself from Mr. Giovanni's display at the corner grocery.

It all came about when Franklin White, the little colored boy, whose mother cooks for the family across the alley, asked if Mr. Blue might accompany him to the store to help carry home his purchases.

Against my better judgment I allowed Mr. Blue to go, knowing that Mr. Giovanni, whose store is small and who utilizes much of the sidewalk to display his goods, dislikes dogs who get too familiar with his merchandise, and that while Mr. Blue is a gentleman at home, he's not above doggy tricks when abroad.

Just how Mr. Blue managed to select salmon each time from the ten or twelve pyramids of similarly canned foods, I don't know, but he did, and I had to pay for his keen sense of discernment.

The first I knew of Mr. Blue's venture into a life of crime came when Mr. Giovanni called up to say that he had reached the end of his endurance and to threaten Mr. Blue with immediate impounding if he did not change his ways.

"She'sa too much," he cried, almost annihilated by his emotions. "Ev-very days—ev-very days theese Mr. Blue come-a to my store and steal one-a can of my very bes' salmon. First time I say, 'What's the diff'? Whatsa sixty cents? Mrs. Morris, she's agood customer.' Second time I say, 'Wassa matter that Mrs. Morris, she let her dog steal . . .'"

"But I don't allow Mr. Blue to steal," I interrupted. "There must be some mistake. Mr. Blue has never brought a can of salmon or anything else home and I'm sure he didn't open and eat it on the way. However . . ."

At that moment I chanced to glance out the window and what I saw caused me to stutter. There, coming down the street was Franklin White and Mr. Blue—Franklin with a loaf of bread under his arm and Mr. Blue carrying what looked like a can of salmon.

By the time I'd heard Mr. Giovanni out and had promised to check on Mr. Blue, boy and dog were out of sight.

I arrived at the house across the alley just in time to see Franklin serve Mr. Blue a pink oval of salmon on an exquisite Haviland dinner plate.

"You rascal!" I said, addressing Mr. Blue, who destroyed the evidence in two thirty-cent gulps. "How long has this been going on?" I asked, turning to the boy.

He looked at me with eyes wide with innocence. "You mean how long Mr. Blue's been he'pn hisse'f at Mr. Giovanni's?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

Franklin scratched his head. "Don't rightly know. Reckon the onliest way I kin tell is by countin' the cans in the can box—but that won't he'p much, 'cause I kin only count to ten."

"Heavenly days!" I muttered, as we returned to the alley.

Franklin was very helpful and at the end of five minutes had uncovered twelve salmon cans. This meant that I owed the grocer not only an apology, but seven dollars and twenty cents.

The next few minutes I spent in alternately scolding Mr. Blue and lecturing Franklin on the wickedness of shoplifting. When I'd finished, neither boy nor dog seemed greatly impressed.

"You do understand what I am talking about?" I asked in exasperation.

Franklin nodded, but there was a mischievous twinkle in his big, black eyes. "Yessum," he said, "but 'pears to me, Mr. Blue done right good by hisse'f."

"He certainly did," I muttered, ruefully thinking of the seven dollars and twenty cents and wishing I had the strength of character to put him on a ration of dog biscuits and water for the next ten days.

"Mr. Blue," Shoplifter

by Ina Loney Morris



Every day for more than a week, Mr. Blue had helped himself to one sixty-cent can of salmon from Mr. Giovanni's corner grocery.

Friend in Need

By EDNA B. WILLIAMS

THAT dogs are governed in their acts by intelligence rather than by blind instinct; that they often plan their procedure and execute their plan was clearly illustrated by the following instance.

One warm day in early spring a small group of dogs was seen playing together on the ice of one of our northern rivers. Then suddenly there was a loud cracking sound as the ice broke under the weight of a heavy bodied bull dog. His companions dashed to one side and stood watching the efforts of the poor fellow to pull himself up out of the icy water. Over and over the dog would get a paw on the edge of the opening and try to pull himself out, only to have the thin ice break once more and throw him back into his cold bath.

Things began to look bad for the submerged bull pup. He seemed pretty near exhaustion when one of his former play-fellows stepped out of the little group and began walking toward the opening in the ice. He was a tall lank mongrel with long legs and an unusually long neck. Gingerly the lean dog stepped nearer and nearer to the edge of the broken ice. Then he stood still stretching his long neck over the opening, his eyes fixed steadily on the bobbing head of his drowning friend. Evidently the dog was timing his effort to the movements of the dog in the water. Then as the bobbing head showed once more above the surface of the water the watcher suddenly lurched forward and with a lightning movement grasped his friend by the loose folds of skin underneath the chin. Now he moved slowly backward step by step drawing the heavy dog through the constantly breaking ice. Only when he had reached a point in the river where the ice was heavy enough to bear the weight of the heavier dog, did he stop and pull him out of the water.

Just for a moment it seemed that the eyes of the two friends met and held. Then the bull shook himself free of water and walked off toward his home. The skinny dog looked around aimlessly for a minute or two; then he loped off in another direction seemingly unconscious of the fact that he had played the part of a hero.



Urgent Need!

WE are urgently in need of old newspapers and will appreciate gifts of discarded papers, no matter how small the quantity.

These are placed in the cages to aid in rendering the utmost care and comfort to sick and injured pets during their period of hospitalization.

Animals and Gems

By MARCIA A. GARDEN

IN medieval times, all engraved gems were thought to possess magical qualities. Many of these engravings depicted animals and birds on both precious and semi-precious stones. The virtues attributed to the jewels depended much on the star, planet or constellation in ascension at the time during which the artist's work was being done.

A ruby, or any other bright red stone, engraved with the likeness of a dragon was supposed to have the power of granting its owner vast material wealth. It, too, assured its wearer of good health and a life of happiness.

A bull represented on a prase (a green chrysolite quartz) was believed to incur for its owner the sympathy and favor of those in high office. Resistance against all evil spells was another virtue credited to the wearer of this talisman.

It was not considered altogether lucky for one to keep in his possession an onyx etched with the figures of twin goats among myrtle or a camel's head. It was thought that should one wear such an onyx on his person, his sleep would be disturbed by frightful visions. On the other hand, the owner was said to be imbued with the power of gathering demons about and of bending these evil spirits to his will.

In order to reconcile his enemies and win new friends, one had only to wear a beryl on which the figure of a frog was engraved.

Fevers were cured and poisonings avoided by any one fortunate enough to possess a jasper engraved with the form of an archer or a lion.

A chrysolite upon which a vulture was

etched had somewhat the same qualities as that of the onyx mentioned above. It guarded against evil and controlled demons which were said to obey the commands of the chrysolite's wearer. This token was also credited with giving its owner the power to constrain the winds.

The wearer of a sapphire inscribed with the likeness of a bearded man or a ram possessed the power to cure and prevent infirmities. This amulet also saved its possessor from the influence of demons and assisted in counteracting the effects of poisoning. Dignity, honor and an exalted position were some of the gifts such a sapphire was believed to confer upon its wearer.

Owning a chrysolite engraved with the figure of an ass was thought to endow a person with the gift of foretelling the future.

Fortunate indeed was the possessor of a garnet provided it was engraved with the image of a well-developed lion, for this was expected to cure its wearer of every known disease to which he might be exposed. It guarded him from accidents while traveling, protected his health and preserved his honor.

Kings, princes and high officials were said to favor the proud possessor of a topaz with a falcon's head engraved thereon. This talisman also empowered its wearer to see into the future.

The power of resisting overindulgence or drunkenness was invested in a person wearing an amethyst on which a bear's image was etched. And a jasper bearing the graven figure of a dog or a stag empowered its owner to cure others of insanity.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

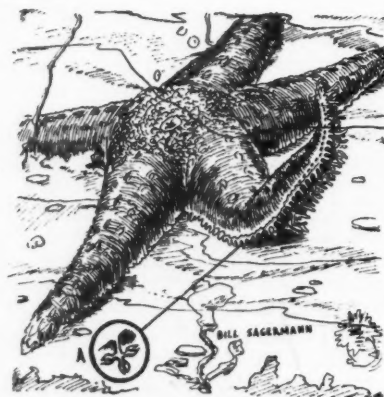
By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

A Champion Chewer

The starfish may look tame to you,
But don't toss him away;
Just use your eyes, and you'll agree,
Your study will repay

This fellow carries many jaws,
With which he chews and cuts;
But if he has a toothache ouch!
I'll bet it drives him nuts!



"Rusty" and the Stranger

By H. G. MOE

THERE'S a dog in our neighborhood that affords us much pleasure and amusement. His name is "Rusty" and a more engaging bit of this and that chow has never existed.

There's always a Rusty story to be told but the one I have to tell, I believe, is the most humorous I have, as yet, heard.

Rusty is a jealous creature who rules his world with an iron paw. Feline neighbors roam elsewhere, giving his lawns and walks a wide berth. And when "Butch," the mutt next door or "Connor," a handsome wirehair three houses south, come to call, they stay well to the edge of the walk until he invites them onto his premises by a lordly wag of his tail or a haughty bark.

This particular morning Rusty, having inspected his yard and porch for any stray cats and finding none, settled himself down on the front porch for a short nap. One brown eye was shut and the other fast on its way down when suddenly he caught sight of a huge Irish setter, new in the neighborhood. His ears pricked up in interest as he watched the stranger trot across his lawn, without once asking his permission.

Never a dog to run from a fight, Rusty bounded down the steps and came up stiff-legged in front of the sad-faced newcomer, who eyed these antics with the benevolence of a saint.

Rusty growled to show his authority. His back hairs became stiff and straight, his steps short and mincing. Slowly he circled the red stranger, growling and snarling. But he met with no response. The setter simply "set," so to speak, and took in the performance.

Rusty tried every trick he knew to draw the other dog into a fight but without success. A faintly puzzled expression crossed Rusty's face.

He decided the setter must be the friendly instead of the fighter type, so he barked and tore madly around the massive stranger. But once again he ran up against a stone wall and the setter simply "set."

Rusty was becoming discouraged. He gave another half-hearted bark and turned as though to retreat to the porch, but changed his mind. Again he faced the interloper and he too "set," and looked, and waited for some sign of life.

And then suddenly Rusty let out a bark of pure astonishment and shock. With a wild look in his eyes and his tail between his legs, he fled for the porch, for at last the intruder had moved.

Solemnly, and with grave dignity, the Irish setter put forth his paw to shake hands in the manner his master had taught him.



"Handsome" and "Calico" are the best of friends.

Seeing Is Believing

By ARTHUR S. BENSON, JR.

I WAS another one of those skeptics who was always doubting the authenticity of the stories that I had heard about the intelligence of animals. When somebody mentioned a surprising feat of some particular animal I maintained to my friends that I would have to see it first.

My reason for this stand was that since the arrival of our dog "Handsome," over a year ago, I had been watching him patiently to see if he would exhibit any remarkable qualities that dogs were supposed to possess. Each succeeding month found me more discouraged. Then a few days ago I was rewarded, and astonished, to see Handsome perform a feat I hadn't thought possible.

Handsome, who is mostly St. Bernard, was brought up with a kitten we call "Calico." They are the best of friends. The kitten is a frolicking bundle of fur, climbing into and onto everything. One day last week found her out on a limb

overlooking our duck pond. I was standing near by, watching her antics, when suddenly a small branch broke and Calico came tumbling down and hit the water with a big splash. The terrified kitten managed to scramble onto a tuft of pond grass growing next to where she fell. There she sat and eyed the shore about ten or fifteen feet away, letting out some woeful meows. I turned around and went back to the house to get a pigeon net that I could use to reach out and scoop up the wet kitten.

You can imagine my astonishment, when upon coming out of the back door, I witnessed my supposedly big useless dog wading out to the tuft of grass, taking the kitten in his mouth and carrying her back to the edge of the pond and depositing her on the shore.

That exhibition convinced me of the native intelligence which dogs possess. Anyone casting disparaging remarks about dumb animals in my presence is sure to hear about what our dog did.

Woodland Drummer . . . By M. H. PETTIT

*The proud cock grouse, in brown and buff,
With beating wing and swelling ruff,
Drums out his challenge, understood
By all his feathered brotherhood;
In guarded code he spreads the word—
A message felt as much as heard.*

*Like some slow-throbbing pulse it comes—
The rhythm of the woodland drums;
A monotone of leaf and loam
As steady as a metronome
Attends this system of address—
The "grapevine" of the wilderness.*



Photo by La Vern Frost

"WATCHFUL WAITING"



"DO YOU NN

Buffoons of the



"PEEKABOO!"

Photo by Evelyn Baptiste

GETTING "CURIUSER AND CURIUSER"

Photo by Three Lions



YOU WNA FIGHT?"

Photo by Lloyd G. Miller

Household



"KITTEN ON THE KEYS"

Photo by Zalmanoff



Photo by Paul Hadley

"I CAN HANDLE IT MYSELF, THANK YOU!"

"PHOOEY—A DIFFERENT BREED OF CAT!"

Photo by R. W. Olsen
Courtesy of Boston Sunday Post Snapshot Contest



Four-Legged Doctors

By CARROLL MAYERS

CALL the veterinarian! That is our first thought when sickness and pain strike our pet dog or cat or other animal friend. We want competent medical help for such suffering creatures—and we see that we get it.

But have you ever considered how these very same creatures nurse themselves and their kin in their own animal world? Mother Nature has gifted her children with a fascinating intelligence to care for and cure themselves.

Sick dogs, if left to themselves, will instinctively seek out and eat certain weeds or grasses with medicinal properties. Cat-nip is an aromatic herb which appeals to cats at all times, but when ill, cats will hunt for this plant for its ability to cure.

Sheep, cows, goats and deer will also doctor themselves by eating herbs with curative powers.

When we are troubled by sore or weak eyes, our own doctor will often prescribe dark glasses. When our animal friends are so afflicted, they instinctively keep in the shadows, or avoid bright sunlight by covering their eyes with their paws.

We soothe cuts and scratches with salves and medical ointments. Deer will endeavor to cover such wounds with downy spruce resin. Bears use soft clay or gum. Hogs wallow in the mud to stop the flow of blood, and horses will ease their hurts by licking each other.

Just as we resort to amputation only as a last resort, so does the animal world. But a fox will not hesitate to completely gnaw off a sore limb when other methods of treatment fail. Afterwards, the wound is licked, bathed in a cool spring, and anointed with gum. Raccoons, beavers and muskrats also follow this course.

Man has adopted medical treatments which have been used instinctively by the animal kingdom for centuries. In treating rheumatism, for example, we flock to mineral spring resorts, and undergo many varieties of heat application. Deer and cattle so stricken will bathe in sulphur springs, or lie down in the warmest possible sunlight. Often, their recovery is as complete as the cure we attempt to bring ourselves by "modern" methods.

Cat Proves Its Worth

KINDNESS to animals may pay dividends above and beyond the satisfaction there is in treating our dumb friends as we would wish to be treated were our positions in the world reversed.

Take, for example, the case of "Seven-Toed Mouse Trap," the cat which Lloyd J. Varney, the owner of Varney Markets, Inc., Los Angeles, California, couldn't be induced to part with.

It seems that Mr. Varney found the unfortunate animal in an alley back of his store. It was half dead, had apparently been in a fire, and what was left of its fur was so singed that most people might have thought that it would be hopeless to try and restore it to life and health.

What did Mr. Varney do? He took "Seven-Toes" to a veterinarian, and twenty-two dollars of care and skill had the happy result of restoring the animal to condition.

No doubt the rescued cat appreciated the care it had received and wanted to pay Mr. Varney back. At any rate, since "Seven-Toes" returned to the back room of the Varney store it is claimed that the mice have been "conspicuous by their absence."

Its extra toes may have something to do with the matter, rendering the possessor of the toes extraordinarily expert in catching rodents. At any rate Mr. Varney wouldn't think of parting with the cat, and declines all offers for his "Seven-Toed Mouse Trap."

—Clarence M. Lindsay



In a Goat's Language

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

MEMBERS of the goat family have contributed some choice bits to our language long before the goat became the official mascot of the United States Navy.

"Getting his goat" is so familiar that it needs no explanation. Neither does the variant of the foregoing, known as the gentle art of "getting his Angora." Nor are we any too complimentary when we refer to someone as "an old goat" or a "silly old goat." These would be fighting words among goats if our four-legged friends knew what was going on in the world.

It was natural, perhaps, that chin whiskers should be described as a "goatee" because of their resemblance to a goat's whiskers. The dictionary describes the familiar goatee as a goat-like tuft of hair upon the chin. There is even a goath which is said, by men who know moths best, to have a head resembling that of a goat.

"Stubborn as a goat" is less popular than a similar allusion to our friend the mule, but it has its adherents. The butting prowess of the goat led to the assumption that anyone on the receiving end of a joke must be the butt of the joke.

In sports the player who is "the goat" is generally the one upon whom poor sportsmen fasten responsibility for losing. And by a strange quirk, it is human nature to talk about the goat of a game long after its heroes have been forgotten. We are better at handing out criticism than praise, a fact with which even our friend the goat would nod agreement.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Little Chief Hare

By JOHN H. SPICER

THOSE who visit the higher parts of the Rockies soon get acquainted with the Little Chief, the haymaker of the mountains. Some call him the Pika and also the Cony although he is no relation to the Old World animals who bear that name. Others call him the Little Chief Hare. He is one of the few mountain animals who live all the year round up above the timber line and is found along the western ranges from New Mexico to the Yukon and Alaska. He makes his home in the crevices among the broken rocks and rock slides around the flower-decked glacial valleys and upland meadows.

The Little Chief is famous as a haymaker, who thriftily builds up stacks of well-cured hay for his winter fodder. He needs the food, for, instead of hibernating like his neighbors, the marmots, he remains active all winter in the crevices of his rock pile, even when both he and the rocks are buried under many feet of snow.

The late summer is his haying time. All through the daylight hours he is busy nipping off the stems of short grasses and other plants and carrying the small bundles crosswise in his mouth to add them to the stacks he has set out to dry. Quite a variety of small plants are gathered and an observer who was curious about the animal's diet, found as many as thirty-four species in the contents of a single haystack. The dried hay is gathered in piles, sometimes containing as much as a bushel each, which are placed in well-sheltered, dry places under the rocks where he lives.

The Little Chief Hare is about the size and shape of a small guinea pig with a short, blunt head, broad, rounded ears and almost no tail. His fur is long and fluffy and has a dull gray or brownish color that blends well with his surroundings and helps him escape notice. Or it would, if it were not for his odd little barking or bleating call which resembles the sound made by squeezing a toy dog.

The Little Chief is very watchful and wary, as all small creatures have to be, especially when they live in a neighborhood with such creatures as eagles and grizzly bears looking for prey. He retreats under his rock pile at any alarm, but if he hasn't been frightened too badly and one waits quietly, he will soon be peeking out again to see if the coast is clear. Those who get acquainted with the Pika say that it is a timid but gentle and inoffensive little creature and a very likable one.



Animals of State

ALMOST all of our forty-eight states have one or more nicknames which refer to the chief industries or flowers or whatnot that each was noted for in its early days.

Animals form quite a large group of these popular names for the states, such as the bear state, which is Arkansas. Alabama is the lizard state, Kansas is the grasshopper state, and New Jersey is the mosquito state. The bee hive state is Utah, the badger state is Wisconsin, and Tennessee is called both the lion's den and hog and hominy state.

Then there is Florida as the alligator state, Louisiana, the pelican state, Maryland, the oyster state, Michigan, the wolfine state, and Minnesota, the gopher state.

North Dakota gets its nickname from the flickertail squirrel. South Dakota is the coyote state, and Nebraska is the antelope state. Mississippi chooses to be called the ground hog state, and Oregon is known as the beaver state.

—Frances White

Reluctant Collie

By REECE THOMAS

OUR collie, "Michel," doesn't like hats, because they always mean that someone is going away. His aversion is never violent; he just slinks off the back porch and into the yard to mope.

One morning in the summer, my mother donned her little white hat for an all-day trip out of town, and, herding Michel out on the porch, instructed him to behave himself until she returned. Michel put his ears flat against his skull and padded slowly over to the hydrangea bush to lose himself beneath the cool leaves.

It was late that night when Mother came home. Being hot and tired, she decided to undress before calling Michel in for his supper. Hurriedly, she slipped into her pajamas and robe and went to the back door. One call brought Michel bounding up the steps delighted that his family had returned. At the top, however, he stopped short and refused to come on the porch. His ears drooped and he began backing down the steps, his great brown eyes brimming with sadness. No amount of coaxing could lure him into the house for his supper.

Perplexed and worried, Mother gave up and came in to consult the rest of us on Michel's strange behavior. When she reached the doorway, we all burst into laughter and the mystery was solved. In her haste to get comfortable, Mother had forgotten to remove the tiny hat she had been wearing all day!

With a gesture of amusement, mother then discarded her hat and returned to the porch. But Michel was not to be placated. He stayed at a distance for some time, but eventually, when he did approach the house again and saw Mother without her hat, he bounded inside joyously.



Ears flat, Michel awaits the family's return.

Society News

Springfield Area



"Bozo" Riding in Comfort

THE transportation of sick and injured animals to and from the operating room at our Springfield Hospital has been greatly facilitated by a new animal carrier, as shown in the above picture. The English sheep dog, "Bozo," relaxes as the attendants wheel him back to his cage.

The carrier was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Irving R. Shaw of Springfield and Springfield Elks B. P. O. E., and was made at the Springfield Trade School.



We Serve

THE following is a condensation of an article written by Charlena B. Kibbe at the request of the Springfield Chamber of Commerce for publication in *Horizons*, the Chamber's official magazine.

The figures indicate the incidence of rabies in Springfield, or perhaps one should say, the lack of rabies, since the records show that 53 positive cases were recorded in 1930, marked decreases in 1931 and 1932 and only one case in 1933. Since then, no cases of rabies either in animals or humans have been reported.

Pertinent to this history is the fact that the animal hospital of the Springfield Branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals opened on December 3, 1931, on Bliss Street. From the beginning, its doors have opened to stray and unwanted animals that might otherwise have wandered the streets and menaced the health of our populace. The Hospital has cared for over one-quarter of a million animals since 1932 and the Society's ambulances have traveled nearly one-half million miles on rescue missions.

The control of the stray animal population since the erection of the Hospital and expansion of its service has been the greatest factor in keeping down diseases transmissible from animals to humans.

A state law rules that any dog that bites or scratches a person must be quarantined for a two-week period for the protection of the person bitten. If the dog shows any symptoms of rabies, the person bitten should take the Pasteur treatment. This system was developed to protect the public. The S. P. C. A. Hospital quarantines suspect rabies bite cases for the County of Hampden. Most of the cases, however, are from Springfield and the immediate suburban areas. These average 65 cases a year.

The S. P. C. A. ambulances are in operation six days a week until six p.m., after that the Springfield Police Department cooperates in bringing to the Hospital sick, injured and stray animals and also on Sundays.

Some idea of the extensive service rendered the community by the local S. P. C. A. is gleaned from some figures given by Dr. A. R. Evans, Chief of Staff. Since 1932, 115,000 stray and given-up animals have been cared for at the Hospital; 17,200 have been placed in homes; 6,000 lost animals returned to owners; 24,650 ambulance trips have been made on stray and accident cases; 31,000 cases have been hospitalized; 102,000 cases treated in the dispensary and 26,000 operations have been performed.



Wally and "Cookie" at the old well.



Happy Companions.

Animals in Cartoon

THE delightful cartoon above is one of several done by Betty Bacon Blunt at the guest day meeting of the Springfield Branch Auxiliary at the Museum of Fine Arts, November 13.

"Animal Characters in Cartoon" was the subject of the artist's program, in which she sketched the many famous animals popularized in fiction, comics and motion pictures.



"Cookie" to the Rescue

A SMALL boy of seven, Wally Kumiaga, of Fernbank Street, Springfield, owes much to his St. Bernard dog, "Cookie." He was playing in his yard one day when suddenly the ground opened under him and he disappeared from sight. The dog, with almost human intelligence, edged close to the hole and permitted the boy to grasp his fur, from where he was clinging to the side, then slowly backed away, drawing the boy with him.

The family had known that there was an abandoned well on the place, but had been unable to locate it as the earth had grown over the planking. The planking had rotted and finally caved in. The child probably would have been seriously hurt if the dog had not rescued him.

s and Service

Boston Area



Albert A. Pollard

Accent on Education

WE are happy to announce the appointment of Mr. Albert A. Pollard as Director of Humane Education. In order to get a picture of what is being done to promote Humane Education throughout the country, Mr. Pollard has been making a survey and an evaluation of present programs.

For the past year he has been director of a radio program addressed to children, called the "Animal Club of the Air" over Station WMEX, Boston. Over 2,500 children have enrolled as members, participating in essay contests, and visits to our headquarters.

Mr. Pollard believes that in the development of our children, Humane Education should be an integral part of their classroom subjects. This is the ideal program and calls for our best efforts for its fulfillment.

Mr. Pollard has visited many societies, attended the National Humane Convention and has talked with educators. He will hold fast to what has been proved effective in character development by our present program, but will search for new and better ways, wider in scope and richer in content.

The American Humane Education Society, by its charter, has a national field. It invites constructive criticism and offers its help and services to all humane societies and educators.

January 1948

Riding School Horses

A REPORT was received by our Society that horses at a riding stable were not being properly fed. The officer sent to investigate found seven horses, only one of which was in fair condition. The horses were not only thin, but were actually emaciated, and no feed was found on the place. The man in charge said he could only feed the horses what the owner provided. He was warned not to work them. A police officer accompanied our agent to the stable and was a witness to the condition of the animals.

The owner was contacted and accused of starving his horses. He insisted that he provided plenty of feed and the animals were in good condition. The police officer and our agent returned to the stable and took pictures, then had a summons issued to bring the man into court.

In court the defendant pleaded not guilty of failure to provide proper feed for seven horses, but was found guilty and fined \$200. He appealed and was held in \$800 surety, case to come up probably the first of the year.

At another stable investigated, the horses were found to be thin, and the owner said he could not afford to feed them. He was warned that if he did not feed them properly he would have to dispose of them. This he agreed to do.



Cat with the Hitler mustache.



Fabian Bachrach

William H. Potter, Jr.

New Treasurer

AT a recent meeting of our Directors, Mr. William H. Potter, Jr., was elected Treasurer of our two Societies, thus bringing as head of a very important department, the abilities of a leader in the financial world. Mr. Potter is executive Vice-President of the First Boston Corporation and in that capacity has been associated closely for many years with Mr. John R. Macomber, Director of the Board of the First Boston Corporation and also Chairman of the Trustees of our permanent funds.

At the same time, an Assistant Treasurer was elected in the person of Mrs. Eunice C. Pickett. Mrs. Pickett is eminently fitted for the position and is fully cognizant of the work of that department.

We bespeak for both these officers the full confidence of our friends and members.

What Do You Think?

MISS Charlotte Bailet, member of the Hospital staff, holding "Hitler," so-called because of his unusual facial markings. He is a very nice cat and does not in any way resemble his infamous namesake except in the mustache.

The black and white puss, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Green of Dorchester, was brought to the hospital following an automobile accident.

Our Dumb Animals

THE regular subscription price of *Our Dumb Animals* remains the same, \$1.00 a year, but please note that after January 1, 1948, our club rate for five or more subscriptions will be 75c. each.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do out best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

My Pets

By Frances Butler

I HAVE a dog and a cat. The dog is black, brown and white. She is a springer spaniel. She is most all black. She has brown boots like on her feet and brown over her eyes, and brown hairs growing out of her stubby little tail. She has white under her chin. Her name is "Corporal."

My cat is all white with blue eyes. My dog and cat like to fight. Whenever I give my cat a catnip, my dog takes it away from her and then the trouble begins. They chase each other all over the house. The cat jumps up on a chair and when the dog comes by she jumps on her back. My dog never hurts the cat. They have good times together.

A friend of ours has a dog. He is a little black cocker spaniel. Whenever he is bad they make him sit in the corner. He is just like a bold child. He goes to another corner and sort of sticks out his tongue!

In My Garden

By Gertrude Mullin (Age 9)

Animal Club of the Air

*As I looked
At my garden one day,
I saw a big turtle
Making his way
To find a nice spot,
There his eggs to lay.
He must have laid more
Than a hundred I'd say.
I went down to
Chase him away,
But I didn't have the heart,
So I let him stay.*



Photo by June De Bella

She grasped her bottle in her four paws.

"Tootsie" and "Wootsie"

By Arlene Schultz

TOOTSIIE" was a dear little striped kitten. When I took her home her eyes were still closed. She couldn't even eat by herself, so we fed her with an eyedropper. Then we fed her with a doll's bottle. She got so used to it that, when she saw anyone filling it, she would turn over and grasp it with her four paws.

We thought Tootsie was lonesome, so we got "Wootsie." At first the two kittens were afraid of each other, but they got over it and played together. One of their games we called "ring of the mountain." One of the kittens would get on a footstool and keep the other off by boxing with her. One day Wootsie had kittens. There were six of them. We gave all but two away. We are happy because the kittens we kept play the same game on the footstool which their mother used to play.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Happy New Year

IF you will join the numbers from one to thirty-eight you will find out what the jolly little Teddy Bears have been drawing with their brush.

Farm Pets Penned Here

Word Puzzle—By T. V. Woodson

THE name of a domestic animal may be found in each of the words defined below. Dashes represent the letters spelling the name of the animal; dots, the additional letters of the word defined.

1. Valuable hard dark wood
2. Person lacking courage
3. Understanding
4. A faucet
5. An old Venetian coin
6. Loose, irregular verse
7. Chin whiskers
8. Gathering at which clams are cooked

ANSWERS: MaHOGany, COWard, CompreHENsion, SPIGot, DuCAT, DOGgerel, GOATee, CLAMBake.

January 1948

Elephant Cross Words

By Alfred I. Tooke

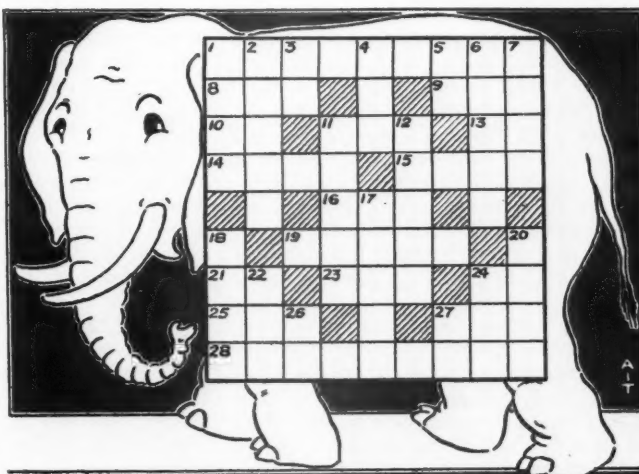
ACROSS

1. Elephant's trunk.
8. Assistance, such as trained elephants give workmen.
9. Number of trunks an elephant has.
10. Number of legs. (Roman numerals.)
11. Pairs (abbr.)
13. District Attorney (abbr.)
14. Kind of ivory in elephants' tusks.
15. Part of front elephant rear elephant holds when they march in single file.
16. What elephants breathe.
19. Blacksmiths hammer on this.
21. In that place.
23. Opposite of bottom.
24. Each (abbr.)
25. What elephants must cross to reach U. S. A.
27. Disfigure; spoil.
28. Thick-skinned animal, such as an elephant, rhinoceros, etc.

DOWN

1. Number of tusks an elephant has.
2. Elephants' bathtub.
3. Olive drab (abbr.)
4. Belonging to us.
5. Company (abbr.)
6. One country elephants come from.
7. Fur-bearing sea animal.
11. A small form of vegetation.
12. A long, narrow piece of anything.
17. What elephants' tusks give us.
18. Stinging, paper-making insect.
20. Half way between hot and cold.
22. A popular drink.
24. This head organ is large on the African elephant and small on the Indian elephant.
26. Account (abbr.)
27. Myself.

ANSWER to the above puzzle will appear next month.





What could be more appealing than these present day beauties!

Dogs of Yesterday

By Jasper B. Sinclair

EVEN the dogs these days are not the same as they used to be!" An authority on dogs made the statement which prompted digging into the literature of the past. There you will find plenty of evidence that he was not merely trying to be flippant.

The Venetian traveler Marco Polo, during his travels in Thibet in the 14th century, found dogs which he described to be "of the size of wild asses, strong enough to hunt all sorts of wild beasts."

Marco Polo's tales, of course, were not always of a credible nature. In this instance there is reliable corroboration from several contemporary sources. Turner, in his *Embassy to Thibet*, speaks of "large dogs, tremendously fierce, strong and noisy," which he saw confined there in a row of stout wooden cages.

Albrecht Durer, the 15th century German artist, portrayed a lion-like dog that was a genuine counterpart of Leo himself. It had great shaggy masses of hair on the forepart, short hair on the hind quarters and a long tufted tail.

Lucas von Leyden, a Dutch contem-

porary, also portrayed a similar type of dog on canvas. On this evidence it is fairly safe to assume that such canines actually existed four or five hundred years ago.

George Turberville wrote the *Noble Art of Venerie*, which was first published at London in 1576. In it he describes an animal that was a "black or Swiss foxhound." It had a blunt nose, with the nostrils far back from the mouth, long ears of the spaniel type and a tail that was almost as long as the dog itself.

Matthew Hopkins describes many breeds of dogs in his *Discovery of Witches*, first printed in 1647. One of them, of course, is nothing more or less than a figment of the author's imagination. According to Hopkins, it possessed horns like a cow and a long body that would make a dachshund just an abbreviated specimen of the canine family.

If the chronicles of the Crusades are to be believed, great hounds accompanied the knights and barons of western Europe on their expeditions to the Middle East.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 5:00 P.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 10:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 8:45 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

Need in Syria

REPORTS received from our representative in Syria, Mr. N. B. Matta, indicate that the need for humane work in that country is great. Recently, through the generosity of several friends, we were able to send to Mr. Matta a new motorcycle with which he has been enabled to increase the scope of his work greatly.

Mr. Matta now writes us that one of the most important things he is now lacking to make his work a completely rounded program is a supply of leaflets dealing with humane subjects printed in Arabic. We feel sure that there will be those who will wish to help out on this project in their own names or in memory of someone who was interested in foreign work for animals in the past. Anyone wishing to donate \$150 will have his or her name or some other designated name printed on all the leaflets so that the recipients will know the name of the donor. All contributions should be sent to this office, so that printing may be done simultaneously.



Band of Mercy at Nabatich, Lebanon.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

1947 Bound Volumes

Just received from the bindery is a limited supply of the complete 1947 edition of *Our Dumb Animals*, with attractive binding and gold letters.

Here is a permanent reference of 240 pages, with approximately 200 story-telling pictures, informative articles on nature and animal care, and appealing verse.

Price — \$1.50 each

Button, Button!

Wear a button showing that you belong to the Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S.P.C.A.

Buttons are available in three styles—bearing the inscriptions Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S.P.C.A., with animal group design, in color. We can also furnish Band of Mercy buttons showing white star on dark blue background with gold border and lettering.

Price \$2.00 a hundred, or
two cents each

Send orders to:

American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of.....dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Liberal Annuity Rates

ADVANTAGES

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

Annuity agreements are frequently used to provide for one's or another's future years.

It is no experiment. There is no anxiety. No fluctuations in rate of income. No waste of your estate by a will contest.

Write for additional information.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The Management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Life	\$500 00	Associate Annual	\$10 00
Sustaining Annual	100 00	Active Annual	5 00
Supporting Annual	50 00	Annual	2 00
Contributing Annual	25 00	Children's	1 00

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1948.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	5.00
Ten \$3.00 prizes	
Ten \$2.00 prizes	

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

Since 1832

J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.

Funeral Service

Local—Suburban—Distant

**THIS SPACE
CONTRIBUTED**

The "Kindness Train"

WE have seen the great success of the "Freedom Train," in bringing to Americans concrete evidence of their nation's great heritage and of the "Friendship Train," in carrying the voluntary gifts of food across our country for ultimate shipment to our friends in need across the ocean.

These have been truly worthwhile projects—both an adventure in understanding. To these we would add a third, the "Kindness Train," to make a complete trilogy through which we may all gain those ideals of patriotism, charity and compassion.

Let's start this "Kindness Train" by circulating throughout the nation and throughout the world, the sentiments and teachings of kindness to all living creatures. *Let's start now!* What better time than at the beginning of the New Year! We will begin by giving one hundred free subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* to schools and libraries. Will you join us?

Pick out some library or school, one in your city or some other with which you are acquainted and make a personal donation of a year's subscription. Just fill out the blank and send it with the subscription price of \$1.00 to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We will do the rest.

All aboard for the "Kindness Train!"

"Kindness Train" Express

This coupon good for one year's adventure in kindness, justice and mercy.

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or subscriptions) to OUR DUMB ANIMALS to the following:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

YOUR NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

